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Onge

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[Title Page]

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Hygiene and Medical Practices among the Onge (Little Andaman)

By Lidio Cipriani

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Preliminary Note

I went to Little Andaman several times, from 1951 onwards, for the sole purpose of studying the Onge. At that time the interior of the island was completely unknown and it was considered dangerous to violate it owing to the hostility of some groups of natives. Some friendly Onge themselves tried to dissuade me from leaving my coastal camp to explore their thick jungle. It was only in 1952 that I succeeded in what proved to be a difficult trip through virgin forest from the east to the west coast of Little Andaman, across its maximum breadth. The enthusiasm of the people accompanying me (fifteen altogether, including some faithful Oraons from the Indian district of Bihar, Burmese policemen and some Onge) enabled us to advance with a speed beyond our hopes. Forest difficulties prevented us from carrying heavy loads. Only the Oraons had some small baggage, which they hung in such a way as to leave both hands free to carve their way through the jungle with a *dah* (long Malayan knife), when necessary. No camping material could be brought, not even beds or tents, beyond the essentials for scientific work and for cooking, which were kept in specially prepared small, water-proof metallic containers. We camped in the forest and marked every camp with the incision of letters, 20 cms high and 5 cms deep, in the bark of gigantic trees, far from the ground, so as to have all the itinerary well indicated. An Oraon who was entrusted with this particular job wrote the meaningful sigla "Anthropos", sometimes also my name, as at Nachugé on the west coast, as well as the date. I did this to facilitate further investigations. All my itineraries in Little Andaman, from 1952 onwards, are marked like this and may be easily found again by the Onge or by my Oraons. Hunting, fishing, collecting wild fruits, edible roots and honey supplied us with food; no vegetarian can live in such a country because, very often, only pork is available there. Of that we had plenty every day, sometimes with nothing else. My men were eager to run and find an acceptable halting place as soon as possible, just to receive cartridges for hunting with me before dark; but we also had

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torches for hunting by night. There were pigs everywhere. In half an hour we often got six or more of them. At Chemalê, far from the coast, we had eleven in a few minutes for distribution to everybody, including roaming Onge. Pigeons and ducks also were often plentiful. The simple pleasures of hunting incited everyone to a spontaneous daily struggle through the dense forest; and so, every month, I managed to carry out many times the work I could have done had I not kept all the men glad to follow me. On seven different occasions I spent 162 days in Little Andaman, out of a total of 634 days altogether in the Andamanese Archipelago – all of them given up to Onge research. These trips are recorded in Port Blair Government offices. A few details on the subject are published in the "Bulletin of the Department of Anthropology", Government of India, starting in Vol. II, No. 1, 1953 (issued in 1956) and extended to other issues. Such papers were hurriedly prepared by me while I was halting in Calcutta on my way from the Andamans to Europe. Press proofs could never be submitted to me; there are, consequently, many misprints, particularly in the figures relating to my Onge Census. The misprints are so obvious that they could only influence a most biased critic: to be discussed in future papers and while my Onge book is in preparation. In Port Blair (South Andaman) I started an Onge Museum with material collected by me. I had the honour of inaugurating it on 6 July, 1953 in the presence of the Chief Commissioner for Andamans and Nicobars, Mr. A. K. Ghosh, one of the kindest and most intelligent Indian gentlemen that it was my pleasure to meet in Asia. On 9 March, 1954 Dr. RAJENDRA PRASAD, President of the Republic of India, also visited the Museum. On that occasion I introduced to him 30 of my Onge friends (wives, husbands and children) in their most natural attire. The President questioned me at length on Onge anthropology and ethnology with the pertinence of a specialist.

While in Little Andaman I tried to study all possible aspects of Onge life. I also tried to count the natives: a very difficult task for they are a nomadic people, ready to vanish into the jungle at any moment. Often I was surrounded by them without seeing a single one. In the darkness of their jungle, the small, black, naked Onge easily disappear. They see us but we do not see them. They can only be counted in their sleeping quarters in communal huts; even so, results are misleading. I found a number of communal huts in the interior regions of Little Andaman, whereas previously they were said to exist only on the coast. The larger, more solidly built huts are in the forest. With the help of my Indian assistants I obtained plans and photographs of all the huts that I saw. Unfortunately the number of Onge communal huts is rapidly diminishing – a very significant fact. Many are in ruins, many more completely destroyed. Only kitchen-middens and occasional clusters of planted bamboo indicate their former location. Through an interpreter, and with two Onge speaking a little Hindi, I was able to gather information on these and other matters. Direct observation, however, proved the best way of gaining knowledge. In some places there was nothing to help me, and I was compelled to guess about communal huts whose inmates chose to hide in the jungle. Of the many personal names that I collected I must say that they are reliable only for a short period: the Onge like to change their names from time to time. All this, in addition to the Onge's nomadic way of life, causes great confusion and makes a proper Census almost impossible. Frequent changing of names also hinders the establishment of genealogies. Furthermore, the Onge custom of adopting children shifts many of them from one family to another, and adoptive parents invariably claim them as their own offspring. The parents themselves, who are ignorant of numbers, not infrequently forget how many children they have, who these children are and where they are located. It was almost useless to follow previous information concerning communal huts; and so I decided to consider mainly the situation existing at the time of my visits. The result of my Census may be imperfect, but before criticizing it it would be advisable to know the conditions that prevail in anthropological work among the Onge. Something more than merely counting people, anyhow, was achieved by me in Little Andaman.

In this short paper I am pleased to present a peculiar aspect of Onge life, an aspect that these innocent and once hostile people did not attempt to hide from me, though they also told me nothing about it. Only direct observation could help, and it involved pro-

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tracted hardship and considerable risk, not so much from the natives themselves as from the implacable Andaman sea. We had a terrible time during several of our landings from the open Indian Ocean. Constant danger additionally stimulated the development of research in Little Andaman. All the Indians and the Burmese behaved bravely. Among them I wish to mention here my Indian stenographer, a married man nearing thirty, from Bengal: RANHADIR KUMAR DEY, who, on 12 and 13 February, 1953, on the south coast of the island shared two frightfully narrow escapes with me. I am sure that neither of us will ever forget it. I later found a comfortable landing place, now indicated by floating buoys, on the north coast. Two other Bengalese assistants who were a great help to me in Little Andaman and had been selected from a number of young aspirants, are PRONAB GANGULI and BIMAL CHANDRA ROY. My work in the Andamans could not have been accomplished without them and without the initiative and encouragement of officers such as Dr. B. S. GUHA, Director of the Department of Anthropology of the Indian Government, Mr. AJSV K. GHOSH, the kind, open-minded Chief Commissioner of Andamans and Nicobars during my 1951-1953 stay there, and Mr. S. N. MAITRA, who succeeded Mr. GHOSH as Chief Commissioner. In a book that I am writing I try to point out the significance of my work in the Andamans, carried out with the help of such distinguished, and sometimes heroic, Indian collaborators.

I. Hygienic Conditions

1. Habitation

The nomadic Onge have two kinds of shelter: one temporary, the other permanent, used only for short periods at a time. The Little Andaman forest is full of abandoned temporary shelters; the permanent camps are fewer, mainly situated along the coast. They consist of communal huts, strongly built by a number of families roaming under the direction of a leader. The huts have a ritual significance, as we shall presently see. Inside each communal hut are a number of beds generally equal to the number of families. Small fires are kept burning day and night near the beds, a precaution that I was thankful for on many cold nights succeeded by hot days. The Onge require nothing more against the cold. In their camps they can withstand the heaviest storms and drenching rains. In order to avoid chills it is enough for them to protect their fires from extinction. This applied to me too, while living among the Onge. The warmth and the dry air ensured good health for us all.

A few additional beds are for the use of bachelors nearing marriage. Most of the beds are marginally and radially placed; a few are placed transversally. Normal beds accommodate father, mother (the Onge are monogamous), children and dogs, all in a heap. In temporary as in permanent shelters it is customary for families to eat separately, each close to its bed. The low, round roof of the communal hut does not reach the ground; a gap of 30 cms is left free for creeping in and out at will without using the main door (a simple mat to be lifted). Rubbish is thrown carelessly everywhere, e. g. directly outside the circular hut, which is consequently surrounded by a malodorous ring of bones, imperfectly cleaned shells, bits of rotting shellfish and other animals – a rich breeding ground for flies and various other insects that rapidly destroy everything edible, leaving the grass to grow until the next lot of garbage accumulates. Building and rebuilding a communal hut always on the same

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spot for centuries leads to the formation of kitchen-middens [1]. In the temporary camps something similar happens: the only difference consists in the fact that rubbish dumps only accumulate at the back of the temporary shelters, as a consequence of their peculiar shape that I shall not describe here. These dumps are heaven-sent love nests for insects of many species, mostly flies of a metallic green colour. They follow the Onge from camp to camp and thrive on scraps from human meals. When travelling in Little Andaman I was unmistakably warned of the nearby presence of Onge camps by the appearance of those familiar living beings.

The filth that coats the floors of communal Onge huts offers an ideal breeding ground also for myriads of fleas. Dogs spread them all over Little Andaman. Owing to the fact that the communal huts are deserted for months at a time during the dry season, the fleas become hungry and assault human beings vehemently whenever possible. When visiting empty communal huts I myself, and the persons with me, were plagued by such assaults. Fleas advanced suddenly from feet to head in thick, shimmering brown layers, covering first our legs. We were obliged to strip and douse ourselves with insect-repellents. As for other parasites, including ticks and mosquitos, equally plentiful in Little Andaman, the Onge do not appear to be inconvenienced by them.

The communal huts are used for another purpose as well, unhygienic but of high ethnological interest: the interment of human corpses. When they die, the inmates are buried beneath their beds. In other words, communal huts are also cemeteries. Many human skeletons are found by digging under the beds. Until 1952 this fact was unknown about the Andaman Islanders although it is encountered in all Onge communal huts without exception. An analysis of this custom led to further discoveries: the Onge wish to compel the spirit of a deceased person to remain close to the living as a protection, so they offer it the communal hut for an abode, the idea being that a spirit cannot wander far from the bones of its former body. A series of Onge practices point to this belief: felled enemies must be burned and reduced to ashes in order to render them harmless. Their hostile souls, according to the Onge, rise toward the sky in smoke as the bones are consumed. For the same reason, bones of relatives are fashioned into necklaces. The most conspicuous of these is the *ibidanghe*, worn generally by women and young girls, which is made from a decorated human jawbone. The aim is to obtain the assistance of the departed relation in fighting illness and bad luck. Direction in hunting, fishing and even quarrelling is supposed to come from the dead kept close to the living. We can trace this belief on the connection between bones and souls to a remote origin: Southern Asia megaliths had, in my opinion, no other cause for offering shelter to spirits and promoting useful relations between the living and the dead. I reached this conclusion after studying the contemporary habits of Travancore mountain and other Indian tribes, particularly the Munda. In Nias we find traces of the same customs as among different peoples of Indonesia and Oceania, who

[1] I discussed this at the two international anthropological congresses of 1952 (Vienna) and 1956 (Philadelphia), and have more to say on the subject in my book about the Onge.

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now follow them, often ignoring their original significance and symbolism. Among the Onge, spirits are feared but not loved ; the same applies to God Himself.

The Onge bury their dead in trenches, no deeper than three feet. Earth is tightly packed over the graves in order to prevent exhalations. Full details on the subject of Onge burial customs appear in the book that I am writing about the Onge. I slept with the Onge in communal huts that contained fresh graves, without suffering any inconvenience from the smell of the corpses. This recalls the palaeolithic sepulchral caves, where man probably lived as the Onge live in their sepulchral huts today.

There are no latrines near Onge camps – whether permanent or temporary. Excrements are spread carelessly all around, lightly covered with leaves and earth. Flies lay eggs on them. The Onge's only precaution is not to defecate where drinking water might be found after rainfall. With so many opportunities for reproduction, in some places flies form such clouds as to impress the natives themselves. In the north of Little Andaman a creek was named after the flies : Bumila Creek, which means "fly creek". Smells also occasionally inspire geographical names : Tambe-é-bûie, on the north-east coast of Little Andaman, means "the smelly place" in the Onge language. Flies, fleas and ticks are tolerated by the Onge who do not fight them. Fortunately, the hymenoptera collect flies for their nests, not, however, in quantities large enough to compete with the fertility of the species.

2. Clothing and personal care

The only garment worn by Little Andaman women is the *naquinēghē*, a scanty grasslike apron covering the genitals. In addition, during menstrual periods, Onge women wear the *bataghē*, for hygienic purposes. This is a simple cluster of long, soft green leaves cut by the husband for his wife from special trees : Myristica longifolia and others. The only leaves used are those from the end of a stalk, a section of which is left attached to the leaves. The stalk is slipped under the *naquinēghē*, while the long leaves are passed between the thighs to be fastened at the back above the buttocks. It is curious to see Onge women in such myristical attire ! The *bataghē* is ethnographical news, new not only as regards the Andamans : it is an interesting indication of the hygienic measures employed by primitive people, and can probably be traced to prehistoric practices in analogous circumstances. The continental and insular regions nearest to the Andamans have retained no similar custom ; their only practice is the strict isolation of menstruating women. Among the Onge, on the other hand, they are allowed free circulation. Washing is unknown to the Onge : they never wash their bodies intentionally. Brushing through the thick forest and diving into the sea or the river to collect food substitute adequately for washing. The Little Andaman forest is nearly always dripping ; moving among the trees, specially in the early morning, is equivalent to bathing. The contact of wet leaves when walking cleans the Onge's skin, for they go naked ; and as they constantly dive into the sea and rivers, they do not smell. Actually they give an impression of cleanliness – as opposed to many other dark-skinned

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515 people. Furthermore, the Onge skin is very soft and more elastic than is usual
[147] in human beings. For us, clothed and with a less resilient skin, a trip through the thorny Andaman forest means many small, bleeding scratches. Not so for the naked Onge. – To cover them with clothes would endanger their health. Nakedness inures them to the sudden changes of temperature so frequent in
[513] Little Andaman and preserves them from catching cold when sleeping, uncovered, on their rough, unprotected bed of boughs. As with primitives all over the world, clothes make them miserable and, I may add, very ungainly and dirty.

515 Part of their general negligence with regard to hygiene is their carelessness about their teeth. They never clean them. They do keep bamboo sticks,
[413] 1 mm thick and 8 cms long, tucked into their hair to be ostensibly used as toothpicks ; but the sticks, to tell the truth, are more of an ornament than a tool.
142 The Onge's teeth are so compact and sound that there is no space between
[164] them for food particles to collect. No caries or decay of any sort are to be noticed. In a number of skeletons that I dug up from under the beds in communal huts, the teeth gave evidence of one peculiarity : old people had worn
[288] them down to the root. The Onge habit of using teeth as working instruments, to prepare fibre for ropes and in many other circumstances – apart from their permanent chewing on hard foodstuffs – explains this fact.

515 As a consequence of never washing, the natives' hands are sometimes extremely dirty. The Onge themselves are conscious of this. I shall give an
226 instance. It so happened that I arrived in Nachugé, on the west coast, toward the end of March, when the sea was teeming with migrating sardines. In Little Andaman sardines can weigh up to a pound ; but a normal catch, obtained with small hand-nets cast from canoes among shoals of fish imprisoned by the low tide within the coral reef that surrounds the island, contains specimens of
[264] every dimension. All are eaten as soon as possible. The quantity of fish brought back to the camps on such occasions puts all inmates to work and induces everybody to abandon all other occupations for the time being. In the low tidal waters the men push their canoes from rock to rock, using them as receptacles for the abundant food so easily collected. In some "pockets" nets prove unnecessary: the fish is gathered in handfuls and rapidly thrown into the canoes. The hecatomb ends when the canoes are filled to the gunwales. In no other part of the world have I seen food made available to primitive people in such large quantities and with so little effort.

252 Back at the camp, the sardines are "graded" according to size and cooked immediately. They are not washed or cleaned, the inner organs are eaten to-
[263] gether with the flesh. Men, women and children feverishly take part in the
264 cooking ; the fish is boiled without salt. All the natives then plunge their hands
515 avidly into the heap of sardines. From time to time the women clean their hands by rubbing them on the *naquinéghé*. Very soon this garment becomes
[231] extremely smelly. Men and children clean their hands in a different way : by rubbing them on the dogs. On such occasions, everything and everybody smells of fish for days and days. The first to become clean again are the dogs, because they hate to be smeared with fish and wash themselves in the sea as soon as they have a chance.

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3. Food

In the absence of men, women also are good at fishing inside the coral reefs. They do this with two small nets used together. Their catch generally consists of brilliantly coloured fish with yellow, red, green, blue, black and white stripes forming varied and attractive designs. The Onge eat all fish without discrimination. My Indian collaborators, on the other hand, considered the coloured fish dangerous to their health and refused to cook them ; the Sacred Vedas, in fact, advise the avoidance of brigthly hued fish and of fish without scales. I wanted to try both kinds, and found them perfectly palatable, tasty and harmless.

No tool, used for any purpose by the Onge, ever gets a cleaning. Cleanliness, I repeat, is unknown in Little Andaman. See how food is prepared and disposed of ! Care is taken only not to throw big pieces of meat intended for cooking directly on the bare ground ; but once it is cooked, food is treated with the utmost disregard for dirt, dust, cobwebs and other such things. It is usually left lying around on large leaves spread out for the purpose. The remains of the Onge's orgiastic meals are kept out of reach of the dogs on the ceiling of the huts, to be covered with flies when no fire is lit directly below. Sand and grit may get wedged annoyingly in the teeth, but not such impalpable things as dust or cobwebs. The use of unclean food is not repugnant to the Onge. The same can be said for water polluted by dogs drinking and bathing in it, or by the presence of putrefying carcases. In the west of Little Andaman I saw some Onge avidly drinking from pools of a blackish water with a revolting sulphurous smell. After thoroughly filtering and boiling it, I too used such water, for it was the only water available in the neighborhood. This caused no ill effects. My Indian men considered it perfectly healthy and invigorating, and drank it safely in its natural condition.

The Onge eat with their unwashed fingers, without the help of tools. On rare occasions they use platters made of the flattened-out stems – or bracts – of *areca* palms. They sometimes carry these platters when travelling, but of course never wash them although they become coated in rancid, greasy filth. They soon assume a dark colour and a truly revolting appearance – aside from the awful smell. A. R. Radcliffe-Brown's statement – that the Andamanese paint their bodies to neutralize the unpleasant smell of food that clings to them after their orgiastic feedings – shows only indirect knowledge of the life and manners of those people. Even the horrible flatulence that follows their pork orgies is not considered an inconvenience ; yet it is much more revolting than all the other body odours.

Although the Onge observe few hygienic precautions they do follow a number of medical practices, not all devoid of beneficial effects. Here are a few more remarks on their eating and drinking habits. For about six months of the year, between November and April, water is scarce in Little Andaman. Every kind of fresh water is then considered good by the Onge, regardless of whether it is a murky infusion of rotting leaves or afloat with the putrefied

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312 271 [196] [415] [516] 231 caracases of small animals. During the droughts, marine hermit crabs, of which a profusion is found in Little Andaman even far from the sea-shore, often choose to die in fresh-water pools. They are not removed from the pools. A nautilus shell is sometimes used as a drinking vessel; failing this, the Onge lap up the water like animals, on all fours, directly from the pool. Since they are very fond of dogs, man and dog drink together from the same tiny pool, often holding no more than a few pints of water. Dogs reached Great Andaman as early as 1857; they came to Little Andaman much later. Before that time there were no dogs in the Andamanese Archipelago. They soon became the natives' cherished and much appreciated assistants in the hunting of wild pigs. Many unhygienic habits followed the appearance of dogs in the Andamans.

271 [149] 123 The Onge have no idea of boiling water for the purpose of disinfection; nevertheless their health does not appear to suffer at all as a result of the polluted water they drink. When, in 1952, I dug a well near the left bank of Dugong Creek on the north-east coast of Little Andaman, I was compelled to fence it in so as to prevent dogs from drinking it and bathing in it.

264 [291] [736] Dogs lick everything that smells of food, including the cooking pots, and the pots are not washed before use after the dogs have licked them. Swarms of flies of different species and small coleoptera of a brilliant blue colour, one of them 6 mms long, follow the dogs after they have "cleaned" the pots by licking them. They line the inside of the pots with a crawling, living coat, moving restlessly around in search of food. One species of fly, which is of a brilliant, metallic green colour, has a peculiarly disagreeable smell. All the flies lay eggs while feeding, but the eggs are soon devoured by the hovering bluish coleoptera. Thus in a few hours all traces of organic matter disappear from the pots. Subsequent exposure to fire undoubtedly destroys the germs that would otherwise be certainly dangerous to human beings.

415 177 [323] The Onge no longer use indigenous pottery for cooking. Its disappearance is recent, as the sherds that litter Little Andaman prove to the investigator. Excavation in modern kitchen-middens leads to the same conclusion. During the last war, quantities of empty petrol drums were washed up on the Andaman shores. They were found in such numbers that the Onge have not yet used them all up: after 1952 I found several of these containers abandoned, untouched, in the jungle. The primitive inhabitants sawed each container in two cylindrical halves, thus transforming them into cooking pots. The result was that within a few years the fragile ancestral pottery of the Onge disappeared altogether. Furthermore, aluminium pots were distributed among the natives after 1952. Probably the indigenous pottery will never again reappear.

[252] 262 [231] Each half of a petrol drum is large enough to contain a pig, or a turtle weighing 150 lbs, cut into pieces. Only the flesh of these animals is consumed by the Onge; the nourishing broth is poured out onto the ground or left in the pot to be lapped up by the dogs. The Onge believe that broth is unhealthy and avoid drinking it.

251 [185] No matter how prodigious the catch of sardines or other fish, unobtainable at other times of the year, no attempt is made at storing part of it in view of future shortage. The Onge are unacquainted with methods for preserv-

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LIDIO CIPRIANI, Hygiene and Medical Practices among the Onge (Little Andaman)

Plate 1

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a) Onge communal hut.
b) Painted Onge woman drinking from a nautilus shell.
c) Woman with *bataghē* leaves.
d) Filter going from mouth to mouth.

[p. 489 (A)]

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Plate 2

142
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301
302
767
765

142
301
302
291
765

a) and *c*) Women and girls wearing *ibidanghĕ*.
b) Bandages of ficus bark against fever.
d) Wife and husband in their usual attire.

[p. 488 (B)]

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ing edible matter; furthermore, they don't care to take the trouble as food is generally plentiful. We must also realize that they find salt repulsive. Even honey – so easily kept for many months – is disposed of, if possible, on the very same day it is collected. Incredible quantities of this or other food may be consumed for days and nights on end until everything disappears. Very few of the islanders care to vary their meat diet with an occasional diet of vegetables in order to disintoxicate the system; yet nourishing yams and other roots grow wild and plentiful. They are so rich in carbohydrates that I preferred them to potatoes and rice. I may add that the Onge, on my request, brought me yams and roots that they were glad to barter with rice, tea and sugar – soon declared by their wise men to possess medicinal properties.

The Onge's stomach, intestines and general physiological equilibrium suffer from lack of salt and such bad nutritional habits as those described. They damage the human body, together with unrestrained sexual activity.

One highly unhygienic custom of the Onge is the use, all over Little Andaman, of peculiar sucking-sticks. These pass from mouth to mouth during the frequent meat or honey orgies indulged in by the natives.

When boiling pork or turtle, a quantity of liquid fat floats on the surface of the broth. Though the Onge despise the broth, they don't like to waste the fat. So they devised an efficient solution: they suck the fat up by means of a wad of absorbent matter obtained by chewing the end of a fibrous stick selected among many species of trees in the forest. The end of the stick is chewed along a section of 5 cms, the remaining part – about 25 cms long and 2 cms thick – is used as a handle to prevent the fingers from burning.

In every Onge camp sucking-sticks are permanently in evidence owing to the inmates' frequent ingestion of liquid fat or honey. A second version of the sucking-stick consists in a narrow, cotton-like strip, up to 80 cms long, with only a small part of the original wood remaining. This serves as a handle for dipping the stick into a wooden barrel full of honey. In both instances the same tool passes for hours from mouth to mouth: from older people to greedy children, anxious to suck the coveted delicacy off the stick that has been dipped into the pot. The rapid spreading of epidemics, which often occur in the Andamans, is certainly encouraged by the use of these sucking-sticks. I found no reference to this practice in books on the Andaman Islands.

Everything they eat, particularly meat, the Onge consider as either remedial or harmful. They are therefore chary of accepting proffered food if it is unknown to them. When I brought 30 Onge to Port Blair to introduce them to Dr. RAJENDRA PRASAD, President of the Indian Republic, they were troublesome about food. In Port Blair it was not as easy as in Little Andaman to procure whole pigs; sometimes only pieces were available. The Andamanese Forest Department was quickly informed of the difficulty and kindly supplied the desired animals. In moments of shortage I tried to give the Onge cooked lamb, goat, chicken and pigeons; they resolutely refused them as unhealthy. Birds are never eaten by the Onge, who consider them shelters for human souls

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262 and therefore dangerous to offend by cooking them. Luckily they accepted
123 fish of almost every description, and vegetables. To convince them of our
[975] good intentions concerning their food, at Port Blair an Onge observer was
[825] stationed permanently near the kitchen to watch the preparation of meals.
Nevertheless, within a few days all 30 Onge fell ill as a consequence of the
513 different food and climate. In their island they sleep, completely naked and
123 uncovered, lying directly on beds made of rough branches. Their only precaution, as I mentioned before, is to keep a fire permanently burning close to the bed. This was not feasible in the rooms with wooden floors that were provided for them in Port Blair, and blankets did not avail. So the 30 Onge developed a fever and we were obliged to take them urgently back to Little Andaman, where they promptly recovered. The incident gave me a further opportunity to observe the curative methods of the Onge.

262 With regard to their care to avoid illness from food, I must point out the
114 fact that misleading information has been published on the subject even in reputed papers on the Andamans. I will discuss them in my Onge book, but I wish here to briefly stress a few points: the Onge, and the present residual coastal or forest Andamanese, refuse to eat – besides birds and fish such as shark, ray, eel or muraenae – some other animals such as paradoxurus, bats, rats, varanus and snakes. The contrary is affirmed in those papers. To quote the well-known book by A. R. RADCLIFFE-BROWN ("The Andaman Islanders", pp. 37, 91 and 389), all Andaman Islanders, including the Onge, consider the
[832] above-mentioned species edible. Varanus is supposed to be acceptable for its lustful habits that make of it an aphrodisiac. My direct and protracted experience both in Little and in Great Andaman compels me to state that such information is false. It is true, however, that the Andaman Islanders believe
261 they acquire some of the properties of their devoured victims. This occurs
252 only if the animals are cut up alive. Therefore turtles, pigs and dugongs are
[231] cruelly sectioned while still alive, and the Onge also believe that their health
266 and energy profit by it. Cannibalism may be founded on such beliefs, but it is
262 completely unknown to Andaman Islanders of all times and places. Young sucking-pigs are avoided, as food, by men, and even withheld from the dogs; but the Onge are partial to other things which, in our opinion, are far worse: crickets, and the fat larvae of coleoptera that collect in tree trunks.

Without giving here a full list of the foods that are considered harmful or curative, I shall add just a few remarks on the subject. The healthiest, as well as the tastiest part of the pig is supposed to be the kidney and its surround-
[888] ing fat. It is offered to old or distinguished people, as a sign of favour. As I
123 helped the Onge, as much as possible, with gifts of tools and medicines, they
553 found it complimentary to name me after their favorite titbit, intending thereby to honour me as a friend and healer. By such a name I came to be known in Little Andaman, and this made my work easier. In the Onge language the word for kidney fat is *cue-changhēghē*; I was delighted with it, for it proclaimed the high esteem I was held in by my Onge friends.

262 Foods considered healthy by the Onge include honey, yams, several
751 succulent roots and the fat of turtle and dugong. Pteropus, a giant bat very
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common in the Andamans, said by RADCLIFFE-BROWN (p. 273) to be eaten by the Andaman Islanders as a protection against rheumatism, is never killed. For some superstitious reason the Onge are simply horrified at the thought of touching such an enormous flying bat. Among the fruits, those of a plant whose wood has such a revolting smell that it is known, in English, as "stool-tree", are believed to have exceptional protective properties for the human body. The fruits themselves smell even worse than the wood, but this, to the Onge, makes them appetizing rather than disgusting. Concerning honey, and the many sugary fruits of the jungle that are available all the year round, the Onge luckily ignore the simple method of distilling alcohol. No intoxicating drink reaches Little Andaman from the outer world, whereas in Great Andaman alcohol, together with imported syphilis, was one of the main causes of depopulation. No syphilis appears as yet to have reached Little Andaman. This is also confirmed by the research carried out by Dr. HERMANN LEHMANN of London's St. Bartholomew's Hospital, during February 1953 in my Onge camp in Labanare (north-east coast of Little Andaman).

II. Effects on the People's Lives

The islanders die young, specially the men. The majority of them succumb before reaching the age of 20 ; most of the survivors die between 20 and 40 ; the rest – with a very few exceptions – before 50. Women, after marriage, follow a similar pattern : the death rate among women, however, is slightly different owing to a less corrosive sexual life. Some women may live to the age of sixty, but both sexes age soon, appearing older than their years when still in their twenties. The short Onge span of life recalls conditions which apparently prevailed among prehistoric and protohistoric men. Palaeolithic man died at an earlier age than modern man. The Onge today, in many respects, behaves as palaeolithic man behaved countless centuries ago. – Infant mortality is high ; the first five days of life are the most critical for the Onge, owing, in part, to the hard life led by mothers even during pregnancy, which often causes functional damage to the placenta. Delivery is generally easy and traumatic injury rarely occurs ; but premature births are common, and so are malformations and other anomalies. Imperfect infants are quickly eliminated by their parents. As a result, only a small number of children are allowed to grow up, but these appear normal. There are no blind and no deaf-and-dumb people in Little Andaman. I saw only two instances of incipient lameness : in an unmarried boy of about twenty and in a young married woman. Only robust infants can survive.

The Onge, so careful about their food, are completely indifferent to something else that is considered very harmful in continental and insular regions close to the Andamans. There, menstruating women are often segregated and considered harmful to the entire community. Not so in Little Andaman, where the remedies applied in the circumstance are extremely primitive (cf. supra) and could probably be traced to palaeolithic man. I saw nothing

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841 resembling these practices in any other part of the world. Never hitherto
171 described, they should be carefully considered. This would require a lengthy description, for which there is no space here. We may recall that menstruating Onge women are allowed to circulate freely at all times. An interesting detail
[751] is that the *naquinēghē* of first menstruations are worn by relations around their neck as having health-giving properties. The women, as we know, use special
841 soft, long leaves, collected for them by their husbands, as absorbents. They
[824] are the leaves of Myristica longifolia or of Tretanthera lanceofolia both species serving the purpose. They are applied under the *naquinēghē* and drawn back
[834] between the legs to be secured above the buttocks. – Sexual intercourse is forbidden during the menstrual period even by the Onge : illness – a swelling
[753] of the arms or legs – would follow. A curious theory about the reason for menstruation in very young girls is that it is a result of previous sexual contacts
892 stimulated by nose rubbing – the Onge substitute for kissing. They ignore the unhygienic practice of kissing with the lips, and never even kiss their children. Only nose rubbing is practiced. The anatomical structure of the Onge nose, which almost totally lacks nasal bones and is very fleshy, may explain this transference of sensation from nearby regions, i. e. the lips.

844 Births take place in the forest and are surrounded by no hygienic precautions or disinfection as conceived by us. Clay is applied to stem puerperal bleeding, without provoking infection. The only assistant is the pregnant woman's husband, and sometimes one or two old women. Their ability equals that of a herdsman delivering his goat of a kid. No inconvenience arises, in either instance, from lack of precautions. – The tiny, tender and graceful bodies
[751] of Onge infants are smeared with ochre and light-coloured clay for hygienic purposes. This is done immediately after birth, and affords some protection against the teeming legions of mosquitos and ticks that plague Little Andaman. The infant is never washed in water, not even at the very moment of birth. The placenta is buried 30 or 40 cms deep, under the bed of naked branches upon which the mother delivered her baby.

842 An argument that deserves much attention concerns the possible link
143 between lack of hygiene and sterility among the Onge. A vast number of married couples have no offspring, thereby threatening their group with extinction. Consanguinity could be given as a cause : let us examine it. No doubt the Onge are related to each other as a consequence of long interbreeding in their island with no foreigners admitted. These conditions afford an ideal field for studying the effects of endogamy on man. Nowhere in the world, as far as I know, are a people so isolated as in Little Andaman. Inbreeding has existed at 100 % ever since remote times. In other words, the Onge would seem to be the most highly inbred human population known up to the present. Could this fact alone, aside from unhealthy habits, explain their present widespread sterility ? Special
174 studies on the subject should be undertaken, keeping in mind that the Onge have certainly inhabited Little Andaman for thousands of years, on the evidence of my excavations in their kitchen-middens.

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Endogamous life, or the habit of never washing even the female genital organs, cannot be the only cause of Andamanese sterility. Alcohol and venereal diseases such as syphilis may only be a complementary cause. The Onge's limited fertility probably derives from other factors besides their protracted and inceasingly strict endogamy.

We can only remark that Onge women rarely become pregnant before 28 ; their fertility ceases around the age of 48. The high rate of sterility among Onge women after marriage (which generally takes place at the age of 14) is puzzling indeed. Of several childless couples that I studied in Little Andaman, the woman was under 28. There is hope of fertility after that age. It could so happen, for instance, in the case of two young Onge chiefs, Okkeggi and Chendubai, married to two sisters among the most beautiful and flourishing girls on the island : Ooaghēghē and Tocooaghēghē, both around 20. They never became pregnant, although menstruation was normal and they had plenty of sexual intercourse, even extra-marital.

The delayed appearance of fertility in Andamanese women is probably connected with a general biological condition fostered by unhygienic habits. For instance : young Onge females have a high vagina acidity content that is certainly harmful to spermatozoa. It decreases with age, facilitating, we may suppose, fecundation. Vaginal washing would help, but the Onge women never recur to it. But this is only one side of the question. It is evidently urgent to do whatever is necessary to save the Onge from extinction. We must remember that civilized nations, through international agreements, are anxious to protect plant and animal species from disappearance. The same should be done for man, and equivalent international laws are needed. The Onge as a human group are on the verge of extinction ; but they still retain enough vitality to be rescued before they finally vanish into eternity.

Without enlarging here on the disorders of Onge sexual life and their dire effects also on the number of births, I wish to point out one more fact : Onge homosexuality as a normal occurrence. It is a plague in Little Andaman, helped by the regular physiological functions of both extremities of the digestive tube. The sexual tendencies that prevail in Little Andaman are a strong criticism of FREUD's theories on sexual life, but I will not discuss this here. I would rather say a few words about some opinions regarding the cause of Onge sterility that I heard expressed in the Andamans. Foreigners there ascribe it to the *naquinēghē* – the grass-like apron worn by women. Colonists believe that this garment leads to copulation from the rear, reducing the chances of fecundation. This idea is incorrect : the Onge never do this because the *naquinēghē* can be easily lifted as required, and pulled up over the abdomen. It is true that Onge women remove the *naquinēghē* only to replace it with a fresh one ; they wear it even when sleeping. Not for a single instant must women remain "undressed", for superstitious reasons. When a new *naquinēghē* is needed, the old one is furtively disposed of. Husband and wife repair secretely to a remote part of the forest, the woman slipping the new garment over her head before removing the old one, and burying the latter, which is quickly destroyed by white ants. The Onge believe that possession by a stranger of a worn

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291 754 *naquinēghē* exposes the former owner to harm. Ill-disposed persons could use it for black magic practices. I collected specimens of this garment, all of them, however, brand-new – for the above-mentioned reason. To avoid trouble to the owner, nobody is allowed to touch the *naquinēghē*, which is worn in front of the vulva. To touch it is a deadly offence. Aside from the *naquinēghē*, Andaman 842 263 colonists attribute the natives' sterility to their abhorrence of salt. Another opinion would have it that the lack of salt transforms human saliva into poison: the Jarawas, by spitting on their arrows render them poisonous. The absurdity of this belief is so evident that it requires no confutation. The Onge refuse to eat salt because they consider it unhealthy, or, to say the least, disgusting.

III. Illnesses and Onge Curative Methods

164 Few illnesses affect the Onge, but they succumb to those few with surprising speed. Often they become seriously ill for mysterious reasons and in spite of their robust appearance. Smallpox, tuberculosis and poliomyelitis are unknown in Little Andaman, although they sometimes strike in the nearby Nicobars. Measles broke out on the island on more than one occasion, killing off all the inhabitants of several communal huts, which I later found deserted and in ruins. With regard to syphilis, the Indian Census of 1931 quotes an old remark of PORTMAN's concerning a few individuals considered by him as infected. This was later denied.

Onge women are more resistant to illness than men. Wounds heal promptly in both sexes without the aid of remedies. A few of the older men, however, had suppurating sores on their legs, slow to disappear even when disinfected and treated by me with European medicines. No similar sores were found on women. On the other hand, women suffer more than men from ringworm, mainly in the umbilical region. Nothing is done to rid them of it because the discomfort is slight. I suggested an Indian cure made with the leaves of the neem tree, or Melia azedarach, very common in Southern Asia where it is considered sacred. I imported the plant to Little Andaman, but the Onge displayed no interest in it. I found a single instance of leucoderma, in a woman with whitish spots on her hands and lips. I could get no reliable information about the incidence of cancer, but it appears to be rare on the island. No baldness is to be seen in Little Andaman, and I found few traces of greying hair, as the Onge die young. A transversal bregmatic furrow is noticeable in all individuals, male and female, as a consequence of carrying loads hung from their heads by a strip of bark. The Onge start doing this in childhood. An artificial, unintentional deformation of the skull is the result of that uncomfortable habit.

[752] [123] [123] [142] [482]

751 302 386 For hygienic reasons the Little Andaman aborigines paint their bodies with refined clay and ochre of various shades, mainly reddish. This gives the women occasion to embellish the bodies of their husbands with an endless variety of geometrical designs. Every year I found changes in their patterns, and I

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documented the fact in a number of photographs. The purpose, however, is purely hygienic: an unpainted body is, in their opinion, exposed to certain illness. They explained this belief to me by saying that without paint the body becomes "hot". The men who travelled with me far from women were anxious every day to spread clay on face, chest and limbs, just to avoid "heat" or, in other words, fever. I thought of malaria, but they do not suffer from it. Of this I will speak later on.

Rough clay is applied daily, on infant bodies as well as on adults, for health purposes. It is used to cure all kinds of sickness, together with ochre, turtle fat and honey. Honey spread on wounds appears to hasten healing. Identical curative methods are employed in Oceania. They probably existed among the Tasmanians, and are still used in Australia by the aborigines. I found nothing of the kind in Africa, where honey is plentiful. The Onge consider clay, ochre, honey and turtle fat good for external and internal treatment alike – both preventive and curative. Powdered bees' wax of a dark colour is often added. I saw mothers give their children, as a laxative, a number of pills made of similar ingredients. No bigger than common hazelnuts, the pills are red and greasy. In Onge forests I saw some small excavations, a few feet deep, made to extract the medicinal clay from special ground pockets. In its natural form the clay is light coloured, powdery and free of stones. When it is burnt the colour changes, assuming red, yellow, whitish or black shades according to the different qualities used, all believed to possess healing properties and to ensure hygienic colouring of the body. Mixed as described above, clay is used by the Onge in every circumstance from fever to snake or scorpion bite, constipation, breast infection in women, or post-delivery bleeding.

Belief in the medicinal properties of clay is as old as humanity itself. Even among contemporary European peoples, notwithstanding severe criticism, clay is still honoured as health-giving, not, I must say, on wholly foolish grounds. The Onge, who smear their bodies constantly with clay, have the softest, most velvety skin that I ever saw anywhere in the world. Wounds spread with clay mixed with honey and fat leave negligible scars. The laxative and germ-killing action of clay is admitted by physicians in many countries, including Europe. It never causes infection. Geophagism has ancient origins, and we find it practiced by many modern populations. Children of every race and all young wild animals lick clay instinctively to absorb the mineral salts required by a developing organism. The Onge habit of using clay for healing purposes can be set, therefore, in a very wide frame.

Mental and nervous disorders are rare in Little Andaman. Few natives are subject to epilepsy – an important matter for the Onge: they consider such people as possessed by spirits who speak through their mouths, and respectfully question them as oracles. Several Onge chiefs, such as Chief Tchôtâ of Tambê-ê-buiĕ, are apt to go into trances that have all the appearance of epileptic fits. They were elected chiefs on the strength of their epilepsy!

Constant exercise keeps eyesight and hearing extremely sharp in the Onge. I saw no single case of myopia or presbyopia among the natives, nor

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164 do they suffer from the eye infections that are so common in the tropics. Their
151 highly trained eye can distinguish at a great distance small vessels on the troubled waters of the sea that people with normal eyesight could not perceive without a telescope. Normal vision, I suppose, is the same for the entire human
123 race ; but we exercise our eyesight less. In the dark fastness of the jungle, the
151 Onge were able to point out birds sitting motionless high up in the trees, quite invisible to me notwithstanding my experience in collecting even the tiniest specimens. With their sharp eyes they sought out for me a collection of minute mimetic amphibians living far from the ground on tree trunks, previously unknown to science. The same thing often happened when I was unable to see as far as they did. The help of my savage friends was invaluable in avoiding the poisonous snakes that we met with daily in our camps or while travelling. For our protection, the Onge always marched in front of my men. They could discern reptiles hanging from branches among thick foliage, waiting to bite us on the neck, or lying perfectly still in the tall grass, ready to attack our legs. The only trouble we had with snakes was when the men I had brought from India, in moments of enthusiasm ran ahead into the interior of the jungle, eluding their Onge vanguard.

752 The Onge themselves, however, are sometimes bitten by snakes, with
123 dire consequences. Happily the Andamanese snakes are less deadly than the
[136] same species on the continent, and few deaths occur from snake bite ; but it can curtail a man's activity for several months. In March 1953 an Onge friend
[220] of about 25 who had climbed a tall tree to collect honey, inadvertently seized with his left hand a snake concealed in a tuft of creepers, and was bitten above the elbow. Frightful swelling ensued, together with shooting pains and a raging fever. The man was brought to me unconscious, his left arm had already assumed the appearance of a huge, rigid, elongated sausage. The Onge had smeared all his body, and particularly the wounded arm, with ochre mixed with honey, turtle fat and rough clay. They have no specific remedy for snake bite. It was too late, but in an attempt to save the patient an antiophidic injection was practiced on him. Within a few hours he appeared to rally. I saw him again after eleven days ; his arm had been treated in the Onge way and put in a sling made of ficus bark cut into narrow strips. Fever had disappeared, and in part also the swelling, so he could move his elbow a little. The skin peeled off the whole length of the arm. Where the fangs had entered the flesh two round, red, suppurating wounds, 1 cm in diameter, were discernible under a layer of clay and honey. The man recovered in about two months. During his
476 illness the people who shared his communal hut exempted him, his wife and his children from all work, and supplied them with all requirements. This occurs in every case of illness, showing the complete solidarity that prevails among those simple people – once considered ferocious. Always, if the wife is ill, the husband is automatically relieved of his hunting, fishing and food-collecting duties. Friends provide food for the family, no matter how many the members thereof.

164 In Little Andaman, we Europeans are constantly threatened with mala-
143 ria. Should we fail to take all necessary precautions we would catch it upon setting foot on the island. The Onge are all infected, but it does not upset

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them ; neither children nor adults have dilated spleens. Inhabitants of other regions where malaria incidence is high often show the same immunity, supposedly attained through local adaptation. Papuasians, Melanesians and Africans sometimes appear insensitive to malaria, although they all carry the germs of the disease. In opposition to their resistance to malaria, the Onge are vulnerable to minor lung infections and measles, which we would not consider serious.

When fever occurs, whatever the cause, the Onge recur to their universal remedy : plastering the entire body with clay, ochre, turtle fat and honey. Legs, arms and trunk are swaddled in tight bandages made of strips of ficus bark. These bandages hinder superficial blood circulation. The strips are removed from time to time and replaced after vigorous massaging of the body with hands and feet. Stomach and chest pains, as well as insistent coughing, are treated by stretching the patient horizontally on the ground and rubbing him energetically with hands and feet. The feet compress the body, with special attention to the affected part. The entire trunk is worked over in this manner, inch by inch, and the patient is carefully rotated until he has been completely turned around to receive treatment on all sides. This process lasts half an hour or more. It is a curious sight to see a man transformed into a kind of sausage, all tied up in strings and subjected to violent treatment on the bare ground, with a crowd of spectators surrounding him, obviously taking the whole performance quite seriously. The result is kill or cure ; the former helped, I should say, by rough treatment performed with the best intentions.

Exposure to hot smoke is another Onge cure for wounds and pains. I saw it applied, for instance, on Nabimbôi, the fat young wife of Maritôi, chief of Chemalē. She had scorched her right foot by stepping inadvertently on smouldering ashes. The pain made it impossible for her to sleep, so she was treated by covering the burn with the usual mixture of clay, turtle fat and honey, and exposing it to hot smoke. The smoke was provided by burning the fresh seeds of a creeper, each as big as a horse-chestnut and of the same colour, but of a lenticular shape. Incisions are made in the seeds to prevent explosion, and they are laid on the fire where they give out a thick smoke. The injured foot was held as close to the fire as possible. Recovery promptly ensued, but I would not swear that it was due to the treatment.

Fire is used by the Onge also against fever, whatever its cause. I shall quote an instance. On the night of 28 March, 1954, one of my guides, Toncootēi, a very intelligent Onge, suffered a strong attack of fever while resting in the Antiguēh communal hut in the interior of the island. I diagnosed the trouble as indigestion from immoderate guzzling of pork meat. Friends stretched Toncootēi on the ground, resting on his right side. Two lines of burning charcoal, set at right angles, outlined his back and head. Then one of the Onge started spitting on Toncootēi's hair. This was followed by vigorous rubbing of his scalp, with occasional pauses to seize his head and press it strongly with both hands. Following this, diluted ochre and clay – very hot – was spread on his thorax, throat and neck and rubbed in vigorously, whereupon the patient was brought closer to the fire. In the meantime a young fellow

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757 started slapping his hands on Toncootēi's and exposing them intermittently to
372 the fire. All this lasted over a quarter of an hour. The patient was then made
123 to lie prone, with his legs spread out, to receive a foot massage as described above, for another quarter of an hour. Torso, feet and hands were worked over, with short pauses for artificial respiration by means of compression. Subsequently his back, and particularly the sacral region, was vigorously rubbed by willing hands and feet. Three men performed this operation. Toncootēi was finally allowed to rest, between two fires kept burning all night. Sunrise found him alive, and the fever had abated, due, I think, to a good European laxative that I had persuaded him to take.

164 In March 1952, I witnessed a sad episode, followed by the death of
123 the patient, near my Labanare camp. A young mother was suffering from
[862] breast rhagades. Her baby was less than a month old, and she was also suckling
[597] another child, almost two years old, who had sharp teeth. It is a frequent kindly habit of the Onge to adopt babies ; and it is customary to breast-feed them up to the age of four. Some interesting consequences arise out of this habit, but I shall not analyze them here. A minor detail : since they are allowed to suckle when they wish and are weaned so late, Onge children do not indulge in thumb sucking. Considerable reactions are spontaneously established between the two terminal parts of the digestive tube – oral and anal, as though
[864] in physiological conflict. Once more I affirm that the evidence of Onge sexual behaviour positively denies Freudian theories with regard to the sexual life of children. Furthermore, young anthropoids and primitive people behave identically in this respect.

164 The adopted baby gave the young mother nipple wounds that became
123 infected and suppurated. For lack of proper care and in unhygienic surround-
752 ings, the infection spread to the rest of her body. I found her suffering terribly from pain in the breast, muscular spasm and high fever. The Onge had applied their usual external remedies to her body, from head to foot. Very tight bandages of ficus bark, renewed three times a day, were wrapped arounds legs, arms, trunk and abdomen. Bright red ochre – rare in Little Andaman and considered more effective because of its brilliant colour – was painted onto the afflicted breast. The poor young woman looked at me hopefully. I suggested her immediate removal to Port Blair Hospital, and sent radio messages from my camp to the Chief Commissioner, Mr. A. K. GHOSH. He responded generously by ordering a ship to call for the patient, but the journey was useless because her relations were opposed to displacing her. In March 1952 my friendship with the Onge was only starting ; this will explain their refusal to follow my advice. Without proper care, in a place like Little Andaman, the patient died four days after my arrival at the camp.

756 Prescription of medicines and treatments such as those described above
[759] is not determined by specialists. Everybody submits to treatment, with general approval, convinced of its effectiveness. Witch doctors do not exist and perhaps never existed in the Andamans. Nothing, then, is known by the
755 Onge of the dances and exhibitions, commonly executed elsewhere for curative
757 purposes, that influence the patient on a psychobiological basis. As they have

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no specialized physicians, the Onge do not understand that payment can be exacted for medical care. This stems from the fact that wages are not considered by those happy people as payment for any kind of work whatsoever, but only as a gift. I realized this when I tried to pay my guides after our extenuating marches through the jungle : in order to avoid offending the natives that we had casually met in the course of our trip, I had to give equal reward to everybody.

The Onge consider some men or women better endowed than others with anti-malefic influence ; but these too neither demand nor receive wages for their services. Evil spirits or evil persons are believed to be principally responsible for illness. A series of superstitions and remarkable habits derive from this belief. The above-mentioned precautions concerning the *naquinẽghẽ* are among them. For identical reasons they carefully hide hair cuttings, but not nail parings, for the simple reason that nails are never cut but worn down by digging for edible roots, fishing, and other rough work. Superstition, as we know, is also the reason for painting the body to prevent fever and other ills.

In the depths of their jungle the Onge appear to practice some kind of witchcraft. On several occasions I noticed the mysterious behaviour of some natives travelling with me. Occasionally a man left our marching column to examine the inside of a huge hollow tree and signal to his friends. They did not prevent me from looking into the hollow, where I saw only a simple structure of short sticks resembling a trap without being one. The Onge do not use traps ; moreover, those structures were far too flimsy to catch anything. Often, two or three men assembled in consultation, rearranged the sticks that had probably been dislodged by the passage of lizards, crabs or other small animals, and walked away silently. I could get no explanation on the matter. Certainly the Onge are sagacious observers of animal and vegetable life and have deep knowledge of their hidden properties. Some trees are probably used for magical purposes, but, I insist, it is impossible as yet to affirm it. The structures in question consisted of four vertical sticks, about 30 cms long, joined at the top by four more sticks of approximately the same length, placed horizontally. The result was a box-like frame, loose and unsecured. The slightest disturbance, such as a light breeze, could destroy the flimsy construction. As far as I could guess they invested those structures with curative properties, but in what manner remains a mystery. I noticed analogous practices among Central African Pygmies and other primitives.

It is very clear that the Onge dread illness and magic spells, for they consider themselves at a loss in fighting such evils. Unhygienic habits are of no importance to them.

Resting is considered favorable to good health. The Onge indulge voluptuously in rest, interrupting it, however, with too frequent sexual excursions. They mainly rest from doing nothing, because 90 % of their time is spent in what, for them, is the most agreeable manner of enjoying life.

In mid-March, when the honey harvest reaches its peak, the Onge guzzle

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262 immense quantities of it together with pork. I was with them three times when this recurred, so I could observe their behaviour exhaustively. With their 577 bellies full, the natives rest. Their only activity is body painting, performed by 302 the women on the skin of their peacefully sleeping husbands. Designs change 178 from time to time as I said before, according to the women's inventiveness. Each family challenges the others in renewing their patterns. The best are later reproduced until the next change. From year to year I noticed no real evolution in this rudimentary art, but a cyclical fashion, with temporary preference, in males and females alike, for some geometrical designs, unconnected with whatever kind of food they had been eating. This contradicts the published af- 114 firmations of several authors, who allege that the Andamanese paint special 302 patterns in special colours for different kinds of food. There is nothing more [262] false, at least with reference to the Onge. Merry feasting, whether on pork [751] turtle, dugong, fish or honey, leads to a period of rest and body decoration – [515] always in similar patterns and colours – with the unique purpose of preventing illness. We might say that painting the body is equal to cleaning it, but this is quite unintentional. A curious exception to the Onge's filthy habits is the 264 practice of sweeping the floor after solemn banquets in communal huts. The 356 surface of the floor consists of unpacked earth hardened by casual tramping. 342 When it is dry, sweeping raises a heavy dust that fills the hut to the ceiling. 251 It deposits there on the wooden beams where the Onge like to store cooked victuals. So they eat their food, as I said before, coated with dust, no matter 262 how thick. A brush without a handle is used to sweep the floor ; it is 80 cms 412 long and no thicker than a man's wrist. It is one of the nicest tools made by the Onge, and consists of strong, hard, elastic palm fibres bound together with strips of rattan. The dirt is simply thrown out all around the hut, by pushing 356 it under the roof mats that never reach the ground.

These notes offer a first glimpse into a peculiar aspect of Onge life. It is 114 to be deplored that these vanishing people have not yet been exhaustively studied, notwithstanding their anthropological interest and high biological significance.